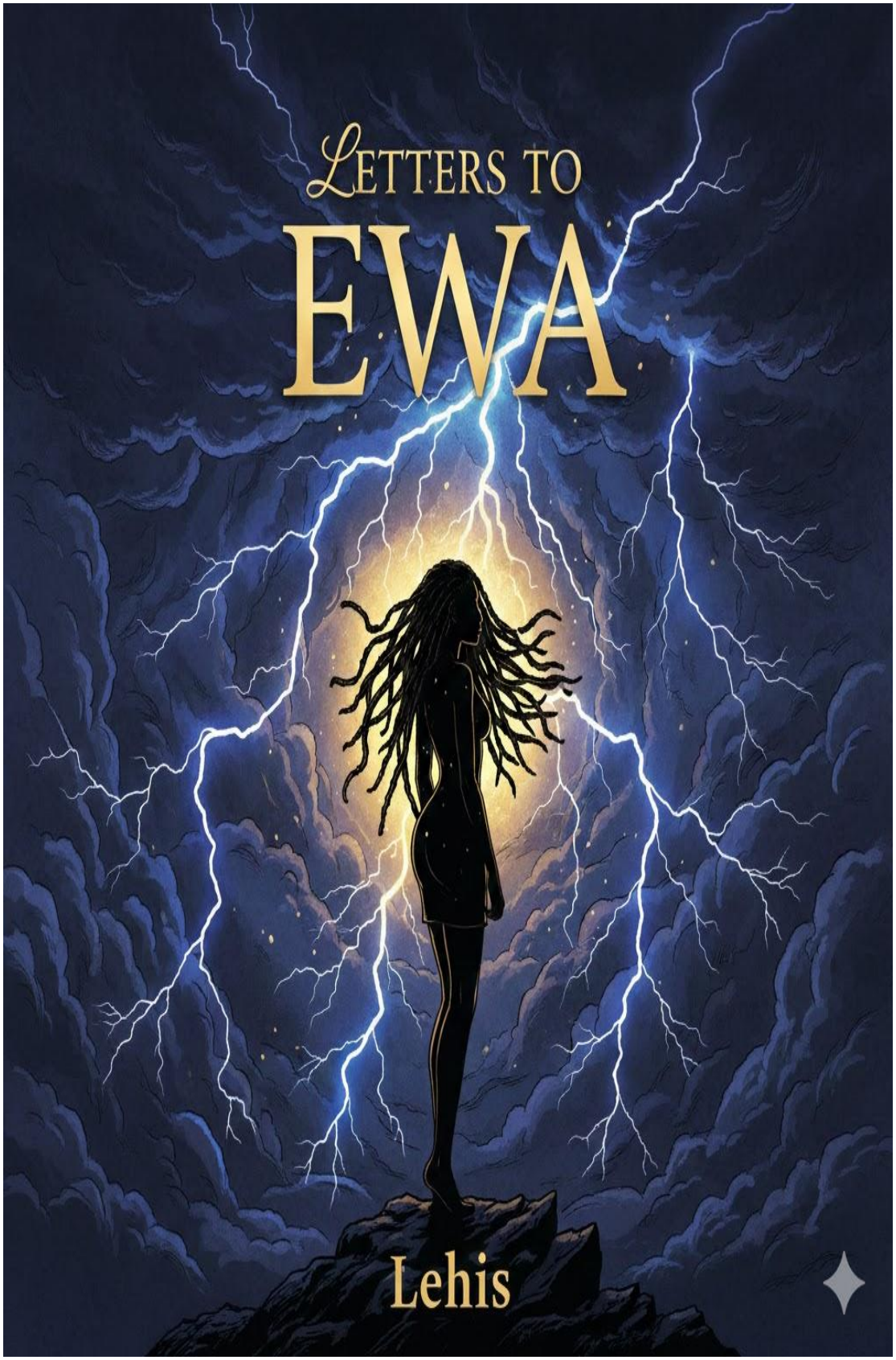
LETTERS TO
EWA
Lehis

Letters to Ewa Copyright © 2026 by Lehis. All rights reserved.
No part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means—electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise—without prior written permission from the copyright holder, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical articles or reviews.
For permissions, contact: dimtai41@gmail.com

Published by: House of Nolla Lagos, Nigeria.
ISBN:
Cover design: Ayomitidipupo, Interior layout: Lehis

First Edition:JAN 2026
This is a work of creative poetry. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously, and any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

Dedication

To Ewa with all my Love

To my Iya Agba, hope you get to read this someday to understand this weird Uncle of yours.

To my Parents who introduced me to the world of books.

To my Siblings both of blood and heart who are my best friends through thick and thin.

To these amazing little Ones who seek me out to befriend me, the world is ever sweeter because you are in it.

To You TT Mistborn, may we continue to float in the clouds triumphant our cloaks billowing in the cold wind.

To all those special Ones in my inner circle.

And to you Readers this is for us.

Dedication 1
SECTION I — Quiet Reflections. 2
To My Bestie, ... 3
The Quiet Between Us, ... 3
Why I am Drawn to Ewa 3
What I Hide Beneath My Laughter, ... 4
The Day My Iya Agba Found Me, ... 4
Gratitude Chef, ... 5
SECTION II —Storm & Spirit, ... 5
Ember in the Maelstrom, ... 5
Echoes in Shadow, ... 6
The Awakening of Lightning 6
Child of Storm and Flame 7
When the Storm Calls Our Names, ... 7
Whispers to My Mother of Winds 8
SECTION III — Chants & Echoes 8
The Voice Eternal 9
The Ancestral Revelation 9
Ilẹ Ayé — Mother Earth, Keeper of Secrets, ... 10
Trackless Steps: The Wind of Ògún, ... 10
At the Altar of Stillness, ... 10
When the Dawn Remembered His Name. 13
SECTION IV — Heart's Fire 13
Ewa, Daughter of the Quiet Flame 13
To the One Who Mirrors the Divine, ... 14
If You Ever Wonder, Ewa, ... 14
When the Wind Finds My Name, ... 14
Kiss of Eternity 15
When My Eyes Speak 17
She Who Calls the Dawn, ... 17
SECTION V — Ancestral Echoes
Ologini, Child of the Sky. 18
Divinity Wear Many Faces, ... 18
The Children of Light 18
Ode to the Beloved Land. 18

Foreword

When I first put pen to paper, I wasn't trying to write a book—I was simply trying to send a message to someone who has become my compass, my muse, my Ewa.
I was compiling a journal for my Iya Agba, my Maddie, showing her my weird thoughts in words.
I was telling Nola the Gratitude Chef that I took her advice and became grateful.
I was writing to Tosino my boss "many roads lead to the marketplace".
My Oluwo—I greet you specially, you set me on course on the paths of the Orisas.
To those amazing Ones who are a part of my inner circle I am glad I met you all.

These pages are a collage of moments—quiet reflections that pause the noise, storms that remind us we're alive, chants that echo the voices of ancestors, and the fire that fuels our hearts. They are the stories we tell ourselves when the world gets too loud, and the lonesome hymns we hum when we need to feel seen.

I hope you find pieces of yourself between these lines, that you hear the rhythm of your own heartbeat in the verses, and that the words carry you to places you've yet to discover. This collection is as much yours as it is mine.

— Lehis

Quiet Reflections

_Intro: In these quiet moments we turn inward, listening to the soft whispers of memory and the gentle pulse of everyday wonder. Each piece here is a pause—a breath taken between the noise, where the heart learns to speak in the language of stillness.

- *To My Bestie*

You slipped into my life quietly — no grand beginning, no plan.
We had each other's numbers for a while,
but somehow one day, everything just… clicked.
You started coming over,
and before I knew it, my space felt different when you were in it —
lighter, louder, alive.
We'd take pictures, make videos, laugh at nothing at all.
And though I've never been one for unscheduled visits,
I always make an exception for you.
Because you never feel like a disruption —
you feel like rhythm,
like something natural that the day was waiting for.
You're kind-hearted in ways that sneak up on people.
You carry light without trying,
and somehow, even in your teasing and your calm,
you remind me how simple good energy can feel.
That day you introduced yourself as my bestie,
I laughed — but deep down, it settled right.
You didn't ask for the title, you just claimed it.
And maybe that's what makes it real.
You've become that constant brightness I didn't know I needed,
the quiet joy I never saw coming,
the friend whose presence feels like home.

- *The Quiet Between Us*

She came like a breeze unannounced,
light as memory,
carrying a film, a smile,
and the unspoken ease of old rhythm.
The air around us held its breath —
nothing forced, nothing heavy.
Only the quiet hum
of something that has already been said,
yet still chooses silence.
I kept my distance,
not from fear,
but reverence —
like one who knows the flame must breathe
to keep burning clean.
She laughed, and it was wind again —
soft, familiar, unchanging.
But beneath it,
I felt the river moving slowly,
carrying all the things we do not name.
There is peace in this quiet,
a sacred stillness where love
learns not to reach,
but to simply be.
And in that hush between us,
the elements whispered —
Some bonds are meant to glow, not blaze.

- *Why I Am Drawn to Ewa*

Sometimes I think it's your laughter that calls me —
light skipping across the surface of my still water.
Sometimes it's your silence,
the way you guard it like a secret I was born to understand.
You move through the world like a song only I can hear,
and I —
I find myself listening for you,
even when I pretend not to.
There is something familiar in you, Ewa,
something that reminds me of dreams I've half-forgotten —
a rhythm my heart already knew before you arrived.
When we stand near,
I feel the air tighten,
not in tension —
in recognition.
Your chaos meets my calm,
your laughter brushes against my restraint,
and something between us breathes —
slow, electric, inevitable.
You are not just someone I like;
you are the pulse I can't unhear,
the echo that turns my silence into meaning.
If I seem quiet when you're near,
it's only because my soul is busy remembering you.

- *What I Hide Beneath My Laughter*
I want you so deeply that I must cloak my heart in laughter,
wrap longing in the guise of jest —
for if I loosen my hold even for a breath,
the world would see the fire I keep chained behind my smile.
Around you, I stumble like a fool bewitched,
words spill that should have stayed unspoken,
tiny rebellions of a heart begging for release.
Sometimes I provoke your temper —
not out of malice, but fear;
if you'd push me away, perhaps the ache would quiet.
But truth burns quietly beneath my skin —
I tremble not at your touch,
but at the thought of your refusal.
I tell myself I'm not your kind,
that I have no place in the constellation of your desire,
yet still my soul turns toward you, again and again,
like night seeking the promise of dawn.
And now, beloved,
these feelings I tried to bury have grown wild —
a forest of fire in my chest,
too vast to silence,
too sacred to confess.

- *The Day My Iya Agba Found Me*
I was deep in quiet thought when word of your arrival found me.
I exhaled, a sigh of pure relief and gratitude slipping into the air.
Your feet were so impossibly small then — I dared not hold you fully,
so I just held your feet, careful, awed, feeling your spirit hum through them.
Somewhere inside, I already knew —
you were mine in a sacred way,
my very own Iya Agba,
my luminous star, my keeper of moments, my heart's echo.

- *Gratitude Chef*
I rise before dawn,
when the sky still hums the secrets of night.
The wind calls my name softly
Omo Odu, Stirrer of Suns.
Odu watches from the smoke, smiling.
The Iyamis circle in the wind, blessing.
The pot hums softly,
as if it, too, knows gratitude by name.
Every meal is an offering,
a quiet drumbeat to the unseen.
Every scent that rises
is a message to the ancestors —
We remember. We give thanks.
Odu watches from the smoke, smiling.
The Iyamis circle in the wind, blessing.
The pot hums softly,
as if it, too, knows gratitude by name.
And when I serve, I bow —
not to the diners, but to the divine.
For in the art of feeding,
I am fed.
In the act of giving,
I am made whole.
I am the Gratitude Chef

Storm & Spirit

_Intro: Here the wind roars and the sky cracks open, carrying the raw energy of storms and the untamed spirit that rides them. These verses capture the clash of elements and the fierce beauty that emerges when we stand in the eye of the tempest.

- *Ember in the Maelstrom*

In the chaos,
in the maelstrom of utter confusion,
when the night thickens into solid darkness,
it is the spark of our forged bond
that keeps me hunting
for all things right and pure.
Your memory steadies my breath,
your unseen touch sharpens my vision
when shadows crawl with silent malice,
seeking to extinguish the faintest glow.
In the hush between thunder and silence,
I feel the truth of what we are—
a fire that refuses surrender,
a thread woven by hands older than the world.
You are the calm in my tempest,
the quiet pulse guiding me through the void.
Even when the world fractures into storms,
your presence gathers me
back into the shape of myself.
So I move—
through darkness, through ruin, through the broken hours—
carrying the ember you placed in my spirit,
an ember no night can extinguish.

- *Echoes in Shadow*

Impatience simmered within Ologini,
a coiled storm, unraveling only as he realized
Ewa had lingered far too long beyond his sight.
From the depths of him, a growl tore free—
low, ancient, resonant,
shaking the bones of the ruins around him.
He moved then, silently, predator-born,
his form folding into shadow and moonlight,
eyes gleaming with a pale, spectral fire,
ears stretching to whispers that mortal ears could not touch.
“Where… is she?”
his voice a ripple of thunder across empty stone.
“Where is my Ewa?”
Those who glimpsed him fled like smoke on the wind.
Iron bars bent as though spun from straw,
and those who dared stand in his path
were scattered like dry leaves caught in a hurricane.
Silence fell over the devastation,
but he prowled still,
muscles taut, heart raw with longing,
fury and devotion fused into a single pulse.
Then—lightning.
A touch, a spark, coursing through his fur and bone,
and in that instant, he realized
he had become wholly what he had always been:
a Panther, spirit and shadow entwined,
born of earth and fire, of hunt and heart.
Her voice came then, soft and sacred,
folding around him like smoke and honey:
“Peace, warrior… peace.”
And in that whisper,
the storm inside him stilled,
the hunt became devotion,
the fury became love,
and the Panther purred beneath the weight of eternity.

- *The Awakening of Lightning*
Then his eyes blazed like twin suns at dawn,
cold fury and sacred fire entwined.
For at last, the Great Lie was unveiled —
the deceit that had bound his spirit in shadow.
He felt the chains of falsehood tremble,
and in that moment, the fire of Òtítọ́ — Truth eternal —
rose from the depths of his soul like an ancestral storm.
The fetters of indoctrination melted,
their iron hissing beneath the flame of awakening.
And from the ashes of illusion, he rose —
reborn in power, crowned in knowing,
the child of lightning and dawn.

- *Child of Storm and Flame*
Lightning is the blood that sings in my veins.
My footsteps summon thunder,
and the heavens answer when I move.
I am robed in living fire —
its heat does not burn me,
for I was born of its heart.
The wind knows my name,
the earth remembers my tread,
and the storm bows before the calm I carry.
A good head crowns me,
bright with the knowing of those before me —
their whispers guide my flame,
their breath rides my thunder.
I am not merely walking —
I am remembering.
I am the echo of power made flesh.

- *When the Storm Calls Our Names*
I shall not tremble before the thunder,
for in its royal roar I hear your laughter —
you, daughter of the whirlwind,
dancing within Ṣàngó's fire.
Lightning shall not strike fear into me,
for you are the one who wields it with grace,
inscribing my name upon the vast sky,
each bolt a whisper of your devotion.
We shall ride upon Ọya's breath,
our spirits entwined in her tempest's embrace —
two hearts blazing beyond the clouds,
untouched by rain, unbroken by wind.
Let the heavens rumble;
it is only the drums of our becoming.
Let the world stand still;
for in storm and flame,
we have found eternity.

- *Whispers to My Mother of Winds*
Oya…
When your name crosses my lips, the air shifts.
The room grows still — listening.
I feel you in the sudden rush of wind,
in the storm that blooms without warning.
You, who wear fire like silk,
and carry death only to make way for life.
Sometimes I think you walk beside me, unseen —
your laughter behind the thunder,
your eyes in the lightning that finds my path.
You are not far,
never far.
You live in the pulse that wakes me at night,
in the courage that rises when fear should speak.
I do not worship you,
I remember you.
For you have always been —
within me, around me,
moving as wind moves through flame.

Chant and Echoes

Intro: Words become incantations in this realm, where ancient chants reverberate through the present and the earth itself seems to answer. The poems in this section weave ritual and resonance, inviting the reader to feel the vibration of spoken truth.

- *The Voice Eternal*

Words of Power flow through us —
woven in chants, in poems, in songs,
in whispers of prayer and breath of affirmation.
We are the Children of the Spoken Word,
heirs of sound that shapes creation.
When we speak,
the Universe leans close to listen —
for within our voices echo
the first syllables of dawn.

- *The Ancestral Revelation*

Imagine my astonishment —
to unearth the truth my blood always knew:
that my ancestors never spoke of sin at birth,
but of blessing.
They taught that to arrive here,
to breathe,
to rise beneath the sun,
was already sacred —
a covenant between spirit and earth.
Yet I was trained to see shadow where there was only light,
to bow before guilt that was never mine.
They told me I was born in error —
but my lineage whispers otherwise.
From the bones of my people comes another gospel:
that divinity is not earned,
but remembered.
That I was not cast out,
but called forth.
Now I understand —
the demons I feared were not spirits,
but the stories that severed me from my source.
And when I turned inward,
the ancestors smiled, saying,
Child, you were never lost — only misnamed.

- *Ilẹ̀ Ayé — Mother Earth, Keeper of Secrets*

Ilẹ̀ Ayé… ìyá wa,
Earth, our mother — ancient, patient, alive.
You who cradle the bones of our fathers,
and the dreams of our unborn.
You who hide in your depths
the secrets of creation,
and still whisper them to the wind.
Oh good old Earth,
keeper of memories too vast for man to measure,
womb of all beginnings,
resting place of all things returned.
May we not be carried away
by the storms of our own making.
May the noise of our machines
not drown out your heartbeat.
May we not chase shadows
and forget your wonders —
the dawn's first light,
the laughter of rain,
the scent of soil after storm.
Ilẹ̀ Ayé, ìyá wa —
teach us again how to listen.
Remind us of your voice in the thunder,
your song in the rivers,
your breath in the wind.
Let us remember:
you are not beneath us,
you are within us.
And when we walk gently,
we walk upon our own mother's skin.
Ilẹ̀ Ayé… ìyá wa,
we honor you —
today, and always.

- *Trackless Steps: The Wind of Ògún*
I had stepped aside — nothing more.
The one who fled brushed past me,
eyes wide with the terror of pursuit,
spirit trembling between guilt and grace.
Then came those sworn to uphold the law,
faces carved in duty,
but hearts blinded by power.
They came not for him —
they came for me.
They cast their weapons,
fireballs hissing through the air,
light cracking the night open.
But I am not flesh alone.
I am wind.
I am iron.
I am the whisper between thunder and silence.
Ògún forged my bones in the furnace of stars,
Èṣù taught my feet the secret paths of shadow.
Aje rides my breath —
commerce of chaos and creation intertwined.
Each bomb they hurled —
I caught like a child catching fruit from a sacred tree.
Each spark they sent —
I turned back with the laughter of storms.
The air split —
lightning kissed the earth,
and they fell —
swallowed by their own roar.
Then I moved,
silent as the spirit of night,
my steps leaving no memory in the dust.
By dawn,
the wind had erased me.
Only the gods knew where I had gone.
I walk still…
between breath and storm,
between shadow and iron.
I am Ògún's wind —
and I leave no tracks.

- *At the Altar of Stillness*
I dwell in the temple of quiet,
where sound is a spirit and silence, a god.
There, I drink from the stillness
and it fills me with unseen music.
The world rushes past in bright confusion,
but I move beneath its noise —
where thoughts become rivers
and words return to light.
Books are my oracles;
their pages breathe the memory of souls long gone.
Each story a doorway,
each line a lantern in the dark corridors of being.
Music is my prayer —
it rises and falls like ancestral breath,
carrying fragments of who I was
before the world gave me a name.
I am not alone when I am solitary.
In the hush, I meet the part of me
that remembers the rhythm of stars,
and the language of panthers pacing through dreams.
There, I am both silence and song —
a child of stillness,
listening to the heartbeat of creation.

- *When the Dawn Remembered His Name*
Three mighty presences walked beside him,
when the storms gathered and the path grew dark.
They came as Aje, bearers of ancient power,
their essence soft as moonlight, yet fierce as lightning.
From their hands flowed the strength of Odu,
the breath of the earth, the wisdom of waters,
and the fire that dances at creation's edge.
They anointed him in silence —
and his spirit blazed like the morning star.
He rose, not by might but by mystery,
his ascent as sure as sunrise upon Olodumare's sky.
His light spread wide,
and even the winds bowed in reverence to his becoming.

Heart’s Fire

Intro: Passion burns bright in these lines, illuminating love, longing, and the fierce light that lives within us. Each poem is a spark, a flame that refuses to be dimmed, urging the soul to blaze forward with courage and devotion.

- *Ewa, Daughter of the Quiet Flame*

Ewa is not merely flesh and laughter —
she is rhythm and light,
woven from the breath between heartbeats.
When she moves, the air listens.
Even shadows bend toward her,
as if remembering an older sun.
She is the echo of forgotten songs,
the scent of rain before it falls.
To look at her is to remember
that beauty is not an ornament — it’s a force.
She hides her tenderness in jest,
and her longing behind strength.
Her eyes speak in riddles —
half-challenge, half-confession.
When she turns away,
I feel the pull of the tide —
the ache of something sacred retreating,
only to return in whispers.
Ewa is both question and answer,
storm and stillness.
She is the mirror where my spirit
recognizes itself —
wild, cautious, burning quietly.
And when I speak her name,
the world seems to pause —
as if some unseen deity
just turned to listen.

- *To the One Who Mirrors the Divine*

A bond untainted, woven not by words but by knowing —
in a world that hides behind masks,
you remain a rare truth, a sacred spark in human form.
Perhaps I feel drawn to you
because within your light I recognize the echoes of the Orisa.
You are Ọ̀ṣun, golden and fluid,
your beauty sings in hues only the river understands,
your laughter carries the rhythm of her shimmering waters.
Yet within that grace dwells Ọ̀ya,
storm and renewal in a single breath —
your will, fierce as the whirlwind,
your silence charged with lightning.
And like the Ìyàmí,
your presence commands the unseen,
your aura burns through the veils of this world —
ancient, knowing, untamed.
How could I not be moved?
For in you I see reflection, recognition,
and the quiet fire of the divine wearing a human smile.

- *If You Ever Wonder, Ewa*

If you ever wonder why I drift into silence,
why I wander away from crowds
and sit alone with music or a book in hand it isn't distance, it's devotion.
There's a place inside me
where words breathe slowly,
where sound becomes light
and every note is a prayer I never learned to say aloud.
In that quiet, I meet myself —
the boy I was, the man I'm becoming,
the fragments of peace I can't always find in the noise of the world.
Books open like windows to forgotten skies;
music carries whispers of things I can't explain —
how love feels before it has a name,
how longing hums beneath the skin.
So when I'm silent, Ewa,
I am not escaping you —
I'm gathering what the world scatters.
I'm filling my spirit with calm,
so that when I return to you,
I can listen deeper, see clearer,
and love you without noise.

- *When the Wind Finds My Name*
Tonight, I sat in stillness, and the air changed —
a whisper at first, then a low stirring, like breath remembering itself.
The candles flickered, and I knew you were near.
I did not need to see you; the air was enough.
You always announce yourself through movement —
a curtain swaying without touch,
the faint scent of rain before it arrives.
Oya…
I have felt your presence since I was a child —
in the storms that thrilled me,
in the restless winds that followed me home.
You are not just a goddess to me.
You are a mirror of my own wild pulse,
the untamed rhythm I try to quiet, but cannot.
Sometimes I think you come when I'm too still —
to remind me that change is holy,
that endings are only beginnings in disguise.
Your lessons are fierce, but they are love in its truest form —
fire that clears the path, wind that carries the soul forward.
And so I speak to you now, as I always have — not in fear,
but in the reverent hush between lightning and thunder.

- *Kiss of Eternity*
I kissed a goddess and from her lips tasted eternity in the now, I saw galaxies born and watched them die to be reborn again
l kissed my beloved and from her lips tasted the possibilities of everything beautiful
I kissed her lips, my best friends lips, and from her lips glimpsed the beauty of the Universe, its magnificence, majesty and aura.

- *When My Eyes Speak*
When I am with you,
the quiet flame within me erupts into a storm of fire.
Desire burns fierce, unbidden —
I want you, utterly.
And I know you see it —
for my eyes betray what my silence cannot hide.

- *She Who Calls the Dawn*
She stood tall… and regal —
like the warrior queen of forgotten ages,
when the earth was young,
and the stars still spoke in secret tongues.
Her hair — black as midnight's heart,
shone with the fire of obsidian,
each strand a whisper of storms long past.
Her gaze carried the weight of kingdoms,
her silence — the memory of gods.
And when she called my name…
her voice broke the dawn wide open,
like creation's first cry.
It rolled through the heavens,
woke the sleeping mountains,
and stirred the blood of the ancients within me.
For in her call… I heard the echo of the world's beginning.

Ancestral Echoes

Intro: Rooted in heritage and the stories of those who came before, these verses echo the voices of ancestors, the land, and the myths that shape us. They remind us that we are part of a larger tapestry, woven from the threads of history and spirit.

- *Ologini, Child of the Sky*

Ologini, ọmọ tó nrin bí ojú orun,
Ologini, the child who walks like the face of the sky — calm yet fearsome.
Ologini, child of the gentle giant who walks in silence,
Bearer of sacred patterns, whom the world cannot confound,
He whose gaze is calm as the sky before rain,
Whom sorrow cannot break, for joy walks in his shadow.

- *Divinity Wear Many Faces*

He knows that faith is not a temple,
but a pulse.
That divinity wears many faces,
and all of them shine in the quiet mirror of his heart.
He is not religious —
he is remembering.
He is not worshipping —
he is listening.
And in his listening,
the eternal answers softly:
“You are part of the prayer itself.”

- *The Children of Light*
Behold these little ones —
their friendship flows untainted,
pure as the first dawn that ever kissed the earth.
Watch how their eyes ignite with joy when they behold you,
how swiftly they come running,
eager to share their tiny tales of wonder.
See how their small hands reach for yours,
trusting, open, radiant with love unlearned.
To hear the laughter of a child
is to hear the laughter of the Universe —
the same melody that birthed stars
and set rivers dancing in their beds.
Harm them not,
for their hearts are temples where the Divine still dwells.
To betray their trust is to wound creation itself.
If only we could see the world
through the bright hearts of these little ones,
paradise would no longer be a dream —
it would be the air we breathe.

- *Ode to the Beloved Land*
The ancient blood of empires still courses through our veins,
even when we no longer hear its song.
O blessed Naija —
land of rolling hills and rivers that sing,
of forests where the spirits of dawn still whisper.
Beloved country of forgotten glories,
where the dust remembers what men have lost,
and the wind carries the voices of our ancestors,
soft yet unyielding.
Arise, O child of the sun and soil —
Grand Rising!
For today the earth hums with promise,
and the drums of destiny call once more.